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Disillusion.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.

GOD forgive! The truth I did not seek:
And would have lived so,—happy till the end.
That I should love the truth that so did speak,
Shattering heart's idols, God forbend.

That love I bore them must be turned to hate.
Friends, old friends, I always dreamed were true;
That grin in mockery from thrones where sate
The only friends I ever loved or knew.

James Clarence Mangan.

JOHN A. MCNAMARA, '97.

IN the cemetery of Glasnevin, on the northern confines of Dublin, where O'Connell, Curran and Parnell and many another brilliant and patriotic Irishman sleeps his last sleep, lies the body of one who is generally conceded to be the greatest of Ireland's poets. Without stone or monument to mark his last abode, he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, forgotten by all save a few of his own countrymen and lovers of good literature.

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin on the first day of May, 1803. Of his early life little is known. He went to school until he was fifteen, at which age he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office where he remained for seven years. Afterward he became a solicitor's clerk, which position he held for three years. Of this period in his life the poet says:

"I was obliged to work seven years of the ten, from five in the morning, winter and summer, to eleven at night; and during the

remaining three years nothing but a special Providence could have saved me from suicide. The misery of my own mind, my natural tendency to loneliness, poetry and self-analysis, the disgusting obscenities and horrible blasphemies of those associated with me, the persecutions I was obliged to endure, and which I never avenged but by acts of kindness, the close air of the room and the perpetual smoke of the chimney—all these destroyed my constitution. No; I am wrong: it was not even all these that destroyed me. In seeking to escape from this misery, I had laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved to be my ruin."

From his own words we can easily see what misery and pain he must have endured during those ten long years; and we can appreciate it all the more when we know that he suffered all this mental anguish and torment in order to support his mother, brother and sister. No wonder that he never looked back upon that portion of his life without shuddering and horror, for it was then that he contracted that love for brandy and craving for opium, which laid him low in the grave when he should have been in the prime of life and in the full fire of his genius. Yet it must have been during those ten terrible years that he acquired the greater part, if not all, of that wide and varied learning which he possessed. I can imagine him, as far into the night he pored over his books by the light of a candle, but I cannot sufficiently appreciate the perseverance and determination which enabled the poor, weary toiler of the day to spend sleepless nights in order to satisfy his cravings for knowledge.

For some years after Mangan had left the attorney's office, there is a period in his life of which comparatively little is known; and when we next see him, it is but the wreck of his former self that appears to us. The

bright-eyed youth has become a decrepit, stricken-down old man. It is said, however, that during this time Mangan fell in love and was disappointed. John Mitchel, who wrote his biography, says of him about this time: "From several obscure indications it is plain that in one at least of the great branches of education he had run through his curriculum regularly; he had loved and was deceived." In this statement, however, I think that Mr. Mitchel was wrong; for Father C. P. Meehan, the kind priest who attended Mangan in his last hours, and who undoubtedly knew the poet better and more intimately than any other man at the time, says that Mangan was never in love. Hence this could not have been the disappointment which affected his whole after life. Be that as it may, Mangan had passed through the greatest crisis of his life. What that crisis was we know not; but we do know that the poet in passing through it became a changed man, and never again recovered his health or strength of body.

By this time his writings had won for him many friends; but shy and sensitive as he was he avoided them all. Through their influence he was appointed to a position in the library of Dublin University, and here, in a position for which he was eminently fitted, he dragged out the remainder of his wretched life. His evil habits became stronger and stronger, and little by little sapped and undermined his constitution, till at last the end came. He died June 20, 1849, and may God grant that his troubled spirit has found the repose and quiet for which it had so long sought!

We have given this very short and imperfect sketch of Mangan's life in order to convey some idea of the wretched and miserable existence which he led. Thus far we have only looked at the life of Mangan the man. His inner or truer life remains, and that we can read in his works. He really lived in his poetry and his outward life was but a living death. His great soul knew no bounds, could be restrained by no shackles, and borne on the golden wings of his fancy, it soared aloft into the empyrean, and wandered at will over the fairy worlds of his imagination. He was a true poet; there was nothing mechanical about him, and everything he wrote came from his heart. He evinces a depth of feeling which we see in no other Irish poet.

Mangan was a scholar; but how or whence he acquired his knowledge we cannot determine, other than that he acquired it himself.

A thorough classical scholar, he was versed in Spanish, French and German, "and he roved at will through the glowing garden of their poetic literature."

As a poet, Clarence Mangan has been greatly underrated. This was, no doubt, due to the fact that, unlike Moore or Mahony, he never catered to the English publishers. He never wrote a poem or an article except for the patriotic Irish papers, and he always treated the English booksellers and press with scorn and contempt, not deigning even to notice them. On this account he lacked that advertising, at which, we must confess, the British publishers are so clever; consequently, it is only of late that due praise and attention have been given to his genius. Of a modest and retiring disposition, he became but little known even in his own land, and many an inferior poet held the place in the family household which belonged to Mangan.

Now, however, circumstances have changed, and Mangan has become dear to every Irish heart. Truly did Mitchel say: "I have never yet met a cultivated Irish man or woman of genuine Irish nature who did not cherish Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed." To show how great the interest taken in Mangan is at present we may mention that articles upon him have appeared in late numbers of the *Dublin Freeman* and *Donahoe's Magazine*, and a very complete collection of his poems, edited by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, has just been published.

As a translator Mangan was inimitable and some of his best work is done in this line. He never believed in literalness, and allowed himself such freedom that in many cases his translations are nothing more than paraphrases. He always, however, caught the fire and spirit of the original, and very often vastly improved upon it; and what was before crude ore became under his magic touch the purest of refined gold. In his Irish translations he generally chose those subjects of a dismal character and with that melancholy strain running through them that so well accorded with his nature. What a world of woe and desolation is breathed forth in his "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire," "Sarsfield," "Kinkora," and "Dark Noraleen!" We can see in these that strange mercurial temperament of the Celt: bold and irresistible in triumph, but despondent and weak in adversity. Strange to say, Mangan could not read a word of Irish, and his translations are but versifications of paraphrases furnished him by

Irish scholars of the time. These he rendered in his own way, yet he always caught and expressed the spirit, the cadence and the rhythm of the original.

His German translations were collected and published in 1845, under the title of "Anthologia Germanica." In these translations he is undoubtedly unequal, yet some of them are masterpieces, whether we consider them as translations or not. They were, as Mitchel says, "never, perhaps, exceeded for strength, sweetness, clearness and beauty of finish." What can be more beautiful than his translation of Rueckert's "Dying Flower" of which we give a selection:

"How often soared my soul aloft
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When zephyrs came and kissed with soft,
Sweet incense breath my blushing cheek!
When beauteous bees and butterflies
Flew round me in the summer beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream!"

Is there a word or phrase in the "Spectre Caravan" which can be altered without destroying the music of the verse? Or could the melody be more perfect or the picture be placed before us more clearly? In his first stanza alone, can we not picture the scene when

"'Twas at midnight in the desert, where we rested on
the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds
were stretched around;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the mountains of
the Nile,
And the camel bones that strewed the sands for many
an arid mile."

And again, what could be more pathetic or accordant with the disappointment which the poet met with in his life than the following passage from Schiller:

"Extinguished in dead darkness lies the sun
That lighted up my shrivelled world of wonder—
Those fairy bands imagination spun
Around my heart have long been rent asunder.
Gone, gone, forever, in the fine belief,
The all-too generous trust in the Ideal;
All my divinities have died of grief,
And left me wedded to the Rude and Real."

Everyone is familiar with Longfellow's translations from the German, and it might be well to compare these with Mangan's. The first stanza of the "Castle by the Sea," Longfellow translates as follows:

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea,
Golden and red above it,
The clouds float gorgeously?"

Mangan renders the same:

"Sawest thou the castle that beetles over
The wine-dark sea?
The rosy sunset clouds do hover
Above it so goldenly."

Only saying that Longfellow's is the more literal, we leave it to the reader to decide which is the more poetical.

As to Mangan's translations from the Coptic they are undoubtedly so in name only. The original never existed except in Mangan's mind. No other poet than Mangan ever wrote "The Karamanian Exile," "The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers," or that magnificent poem "The Time of the Barmecides." What could be more characteristic of Mangan than for him to sing:

"My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay
With my long-lost youth's compeers.
For back to the past, tho' the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides."

And those singular verses called "Twenty Golden Years Ago," can we pass them over in silence? Can we pass over unnoticed the depth of pathos together with the hollow humor the poet displays in his lament for the life which was his "twenty golden years ago?" To my mind that poem is one of the most pathetic in the English language. Nor can we leave unmentioned his "Broken-Hearted Lays," "Vision of Connaught," "The Warning Voice," and "The Irish National Hymn," all of which are masterpieces.

There is, however, one class of literature of which Mangan, as a translator, stands alone. It is that class in which German literature excels—those poems "which strive to utter that vague, yearning aspiration towards something nobler and grander than the world can give us; that passionate stretching forth of the hands to reach the ever-flying Ideal, which must be to us all as the fair Cloud Juno was to Ixion."

Mangan was a master of the mechanical art of poetry, and it is this, combined with his depth of feeling, which makes him the artist he is. He had the happy power of clearly and aptly expressing his meaning, and he is never at a loss for the right word. Then, too, he is a believer in the use of broken metres, and this one thing adds greatly to the force and power of all his works. In this respect he reminds us of our own Poe. Mangan had very little humor, and that which he had was of that

bitter, mocking sort which shows us his sad experience with the world.

No one who considers the man can be otherwise than interested in him or his life—or rather his double life. The man was a mystery unfathomable even to his nearest friends, and this veil of mystery still hangs so closely about him that we cannot but try to tear it away. We know little of him beyond his wretchedness and genius; but what we do know is sufficient to convince us that had he been given opportunities he would have been one of the greatest of English-speaking poets. As it is, he is the greatest poet that the Emerald Isle has ever produced, and as such is recognized by all great critics.

In a paper as brief as this must necessarily be, it is impossible to treat of Mangan in a proper manner. The subject is too broad for it; but we will rest satisfied if we have given but a slight idea of the genius of the man. His woes were many, his life wretched and his genius blighted; and it might well be said of him that the happiest day of his life was the one on which he died. His work is undoubtedly the product of a genius, and it cannot but repay careful study. We are glad to see that more and more attention is being paid to him, and that the high place which he so richly deserves is being awarded. Perhaps what pleases us most is that the following prophecy, or rather wish, made by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney several years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has come to pass. Miss Guiney said:

"It may be the solemn privilege of a daring editor, some auspicious day, to illustrate this not irrecoverable name in an anthology; or, better yet, to gather a full volume from the scattered files of Dublin journalism, which shall supplant Mitchel's necessarily hurried and hap-hazard labor. May that not impossible editor have the gallantry to repeat, in introducing Clarence Mangan, the words with which Schumann prefaced a review of young Chopin: 'Hats off, gentlemen, a Genius.'"

This wish has happily been fulfilled, and Miss Guiney herself is the "not impossible editor," and Clarence Mangan has at last an editor and biographer who can adequately appreciate his genius and impart that appreciation to the public. Miss Guiney's noble work will fill a need which has long been felt; and through her efforts we are sure that Clarence Mangan will at last receive the attention, study, and admiration to which his work entitles him.

A Story of the Jungle.

FRANK EARLE HERING, '98.

A Modern Fable.

There was excitement in the jungle. Hathi, the Wild Elephant, had sent forth a decree that the dwellers in the brush must acknowledge him as Suzerain, or suffer for their temerity. All of the jungle-folk, from Bikamir to Bawalsur, had accepted the decree, except those in the jungle of Ahmudpur. This was the most famous of the jungles; for here dwelt Raa, the Rock-python, and Bagheera, the panther, both of them strong and wily and wise. Here also lived Birivi, the jackal.

Now the delay of Ahmudpur in accepting his decree had reached the ears of Hathi, the Silent One, and angry at the delinquency he was coming to visit punishment. Birivi knowing that Hathi held him in contempt, which insured him from injury, began insidiously to stir the jungle-folk to rebellion, though Kaa, the Wise One, advised acceptance.

None of the jungle-folk respected Birivi, except Chil, the kite, and many accused him of cowardice, although he always talked the loudest after a battle and claimed a share of the victory and spoils. So loudly did he assert his courage that many of the simple folk began to believe him.

When the report of the anger of the lord of the jungle reached Ahmudpur most of the inhabitants were inclined to submit until such time as they could produce a champion worthy of Hathi. But Birivi was not of these. With a strut intended for dignity, and bombast that passed for wisdom, he inflamed the minds of the jungle folk to open rebellion.

Birivi declared that he would do combat with Hathi, boasting that his agility and courage would neutralize the great size and strength of the Silent One. But he demanded that a substitute be trained with him who could take his place if he should not be able to appear.

Deceived by the sophistry of the jackal, Jhing the Onagra, the beautiful wild ass, was persuaded to offer himself as a substitute. Now the Onagra was quiet of speech and peaceful of disposition, to an extent that he was often imposed upon; but he had courage and determination.

After Jhing had declared his willingness to act as substitute Birivi began cautiously to circulate rumors that the Onagra had asked to

be the principal in the contest. So well was the falsehood disseminated that the friends of Jhing began to congratulate him on his courage and the honor he would receive. Thus the jackal by his base lies managed to escape the danger much as Rega, the cuttle-fish, by discharging the foul blackness that misleads.

The training of Jhing assumed a greater importance to the jungle-folk of Ahmudpur, and the unpretentious Onagra was more conspicuous than he desired. He determined, however, not to disappoint his friends, and worked faithfully. Birivi at this time began to train in an unfrequented part of the jungle, and discouraged the attendance of his friends. By degrees he gave less time to his own training and more to that of Jhing, until the jackal had stopped training altogether.

Finally the day of the contest arrived, and the jungle-folk from Bangalore to Hyderabad were present. Jhing fought with great courage and strategy; but the vast bulk of Hathi and the strength of his trunk gave him a mighty advantage. At first he rushed with lowered head in an attempt to crush Jhing against a tree, but the dexterity of the Onagra, and the well-directed blows from his hoofs, inspired Hathi with the wisdom of caution, and thereafter he tried, in his cunning way, to catch the neck of Jhing with his trunk. This the latter successfully evaded for a long time, but finally he slipped, and before he could recover, the huge trunk of Hathi had wound around his neck and broken it.

As Jhing lay dying he called for Birivi that he might continue the combat, but the jackal had fled. Then Jhing said: "I did not desire to enter this contest, for I knew my own limitations, but the loud boasting of the jackal persuaded me against my cooler moments. I will not have died in vain if the jungle-folk have learned from my death one lesson:—it is not the most courageous one who does the most praising of his own courage and ability." (On the football field.)

The Life of a Wave.

SLOWLY as a summer's cloud
Drifts across the June-day sky,
The timid waves crawl up the sand,
With mottled foam they fleck the sand
And then recede—and die.
The only ears that hear them creep,
The only eyes that see them weep,
Are those of Him, that never sleep.

F. E. H.

Varsity Verse.

AUTUMN.

Mors immatura vagat.—LUCRETIVS.

THE sun drags slowly over the sky,
Black clouds and gray are hanging low;
Cheerless and sad, dull time goes by,
While the mournful nightwinds rudely blow.
No golden rays, no morning glow,
No birds to wake us with their lay,
The world is dreary here below,
Grim death stalks swift along our way.

The leafless tree tops mist-wet sigh,
Their branches waver to and fro;
All wrapped in death, the roses lie,
Their petals no scent on the night air throw.
Along on the fields deep shadows grow,
Where the once bright grass is brown and gray,
And they whisper in silence: "Ah! well we know
Grim death stalks swift along our way."

All summer beauties droop and die,
And mingle with those of the long ago;
Pale winter, rapidly drawing nigh,
Will cover their graves with fresh-blown snow.
Like waters that down in their channels flow,
No halt in their course, no slight delay;
Thus passing seasons are never slow,
And death stalks swift along our way.

L'ENVOY.

Prince, do not worry; 'tis ever so,
Our lives grow shorter from day to day.
Small time have we for grief, although
Grim death stalks swift along our way.

P. J. R.

LOCAL MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
A Minim climbed to the clock,
The big bell struck seven,
The Minim's in Heaven,
Dickery, dickery, dock.

Was B—I S—n here?
Ay, that he was.
Did he take a chew?
Ay, marry, *two*.
One too many,
Two too many,
Tick, tack, too.

The King was in the study-hall
Stroking his moustache;
The Queen was near the boat-house
Waiting for her "mash;"
The lad went down to meet her,—
He saw no threatening signs,—
When down dropped a blackbird,
And now he's "pushing lines."

F. W. O'M.

Two Novels.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Wilkie Collins' strength as a novelist lies in his ability to create plots of so great intricacy that the keenest and most experienced reader is completely baffled in his attempts to fashion for himself a probable solution of the entanglement. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in his "Woman in White."

The story, in this novel is presented in a skilful manner, and although the author's method makes some repetition necessary, yet in the main it serves his purpose admirably. The chronicle of events is set forth in a style conforming strictly to the supposed condition of the narrator, and it is here that the writer's versatility of genius is made manifest. He thrills with the suppressed love of the devoted and courageous Hartright; he is moved by all the grand, ennobling passions that stir in the soul of the heroic Marion. We turn in disgust from the brutal Baronet to offer our sympathy to his heart-broken wife, the gentle Laura, and recoil in mingled hate and terror at sight of the villain, Fosco. Frederic Fairlie, Esq., languid, effeminate, contemptibly weak and inactive, moves among the same scenes that witness the exertions of unfeeling kinsmen and tolerated friends.

This system of presentation aids greatly in awakening the attention of the reader, and the continual change in the mode of recital, with the consequent freshness of expression, tend to keep his interest from flagging. The characters are natural, consistent and full of life, and, excepting a few minor imperfections, their delineation is faultless.

Apart from all this, however, the real merit of the novel lies in its remarkable depth of plot. This it is that appeals so strongly to the reader, and that has gained for the book a high place in the ranks of purely imaginative compositions. We might apply to Mr. Collins what a learned critic said recently of a now famous author and his latest work: "We can easily forgive him the absence of instruction because he interests so thoroughly, and because the power to interest is a so much rarer one than that of teaching or preaching."

Even the most expert in discerning through the mist of entanglements the probable trend of a story are, in the present instance, com-

pletely at a loss to fix upon any definite conclusion. Up to the very climax of the novel's first stage—the marriage of Sir Percival Glyde and Laura Fairlie—there is a vague, uncertain feeling prompting the reader to think that something will occur to prevent the wedding. It must be confessed, however, that the author himself endeavors to aid this impression, doubtless, with a view to having the contrary result more keenly appreciated.

When Fosco discovers the strange resemblance between Anne Catherick and Lady Glyde, a ray of light flashes upon us, and immediately we proceed to fashion for ourselves the probable outgrowth of the story. Our conjectures, however, fall far short of the reality; and what the most imaginative would fail to conceive, and what would ordinarily be deemed utterly improbable, is presented in a plain, straightforward manner, with every event rendered plausible, even to its slightest details. The simplicity of the *dénouement* is in itself a pleasing quality of the novel.

There is one objection, however, that might be urged against the author's method of untying the knot that his readers have ineffectually sought to loosen. As in Bulwer's "Richelieu" the whole drama turns upon the delivery of the sealed packet, so, too, in the "Woman in White," the hero, Hartright, compels Fosco to deliver the letter that will establish Laura Fairlie's identity by means of an extraneous force. The production of Pesca at a time when his very existence had almost been forgotten, and his disclosure of the secret which puts Fosco into the power of the courageous artist, strike the reader as being somewhat forced. Although the method taken is very ingenious and the closing scenes are well worked out, yet the reader is conscious of a vague feeling of dissatisfaction; not with the result itself, but with the means used to bring about that result. To say the least, the method is not to be commended.

Closely associated with recollections of intricate plots, another popular creation of Mr. Collins, which he has called "The Moonstone," demands some attention. The unusual amount of favorable comment that heralded its advent into the world of letters predisposed most readers to expect a work of more than ordinary merit. And yet, to my mind, a careful examination of the book will fail to disclose wherein this merit lies.

The construction is very similar to that of the "Woman in White," although it is more

complicated in detail. It is marred by a peculiar inattention to some of the primary rules of grammar,—a defect that the "Woman in White" is almost entirely free from. In other respects also, "The Moonstone" fares but ill in a comparison of the relative strength of the two novels. Both, it is true, display an evident care, a constant labor, to thicken the plot and make conjectures prove fruitless; but in the "Woman in White" the purpose of the author is so cleverly disguised that it is only at very infrequent stages that it reveals itself.

Some of the characters of "The Moonstone"—especially old Gabriel Betteredge and Miss Clack,—appear to have been sketched with too nice a precision which has resulted only in a more or less marked departure from the artistic and real. In fact, in a few instances this excess of zeal has served to make the novel positively tiresome. Fortunately, these transgressions are not of such frequent occurrence as seriously to retard the movement of the story. And yet with all its faults the novel undeniably contains several strong passages, such as the meeting of Blake and Rachel in the house of the attorney. The scenes are well chosen, very cleverly worked out, and some of them fairly teem with the passion and vigor of the author.

With the exception of the few defects enumerated, both novels are otherwise faultless in construction, interesting from many different points of view, and, above all, they afford excellent examples of deep, well-laid plots, that would of themselves gain for both high places among the standard works of fiction of the day.

Told at Twilight.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

The days when Plymouth was frequented by the coasting schooners are past. The only vessels that now come to her wharves are a few coal schooners, and during the summer months the excursion steamer which lands for a few hours its load of curious visitors. Few of them however reach the quaint old graveyard of the town as the dusk of night comes on.

When the tide turns to the ebb it leaves upon the shores the wreck and weed of the waves, just as the tide of commerce receding from Plymouth has left on the shores of oblivion a few old sailors to smoke and dream. Many a

queer tale they tell of their childhood days, reminiscences of their fathers and other weird fancies.

As the twilight falls across the graveyard the old sailors gather to smoke and to talk. Often, when the pleasant influence of the tobacco loosens their tongues, they tell the story of the inscription on a stone:

HERE LIE THE BODIES OF TWENTY-ONE
BRITISH SAILORS WHO WERE FROZEN
TO DEATH ON THE CORVETTE
IRIS, MARCH II,
1814.

It is delivered in a mixture of New-England dialect and the phrases of the sea with a quaint accent that is indescribable, and emphatic flourishes of cane and pipe. When the oldest of them all had been a boy his father had told it to him.

It appears that in the early days of March the American man-of-war *Wellsmere* had been cruising around the banks in search of British vessels. On one Wednesday the captain had spied a sail on the horizon. He gave chase, and just as he was able to see that she bore British colors, the vessel tacked and a stern chase was on.

For three days they drove through the sleet and snow, keeping, thanks to luck, the corvette in sight. On the morning of the fourth day she was lost to sight in a flurry of snow. The *Wellsmere* turned and heard nothing of the corvette for a month. When in April she came into the Charlestown navy-yard for repairs and supplies her crew were told the fate of the vessel.

It was learned from one of the survivors that at the time they were first seen they were going to Halifax for provisions. They were short of everything and were in hard straits. The captain, rather than surrender the vessel, determined to make an attempt to escape. With luck against him he persisted in his flight to be at last successful. But oh, the price of that success! It was so cold that the sails and ropes stiffened by the frozen brine, became unmanageable. The steersman was unable to stand the excessive cold. To add to their miseries the fires went out, and they could find no way to start the neglected ones. And then the slow, terrible approach of death began crushing the last vestiges of manhood in them. Tossed by the winds and waves they finally struck near the Twin Lights, bearing the awful freight of those who sailed forth before in pride.

Tennyson's "Dora."

PATRICK J. DWAN, '99.

After the last note had been struck from Wordsworth's harp, Alfred Tennyson, the future poet-laureate, sprang up and held the world spellbound by his extraordinary genius. Wordsworth was nature's true painter; not even the dried oak-leaves passed from his notice without calling forth his praises. We can imagine him roaming over the hills and through the forests in the neighborhood of Grasmere and Rydal Mount, or conversing with Scott and Coleridge on the banks of the Yarrow, a stream made immortal by these three men. Wordsworth was a keen observer, Tennyson a profound thinker.

Some have unjustly branded Tennyson with the dread mark—obscurity. Who has read "Enoch Arden" and not noticed the simplicity of its recital; or "Locksley Hall," and failed to hear plainly the insane ravings of a jilted lover? His third volume of poems, published sixty-five years ago, contains a modern story around which not the least sign of improbability, much less of obscurity, is visible. This is "Dora." The first lines suggest to our imagination old Allan's farm-house, beneath whose roof lived the two children, William and Dora, the old man's son and niece. For a long time he had dreamed of a happy union between these, and felt contented that his old age would be spent in peace among their children; but his hopes were soon blasted. For

".... There came a day
When Allan called his son, and said:
'My son I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knee before I die;
Now, therefore, look to Dora; take her for your wife.'
But William said: 'I cannot marry Dora; by my life!
I cannot marry Dora.'"

Imagine an old man whose wish was law for many years, crossed in the topmost plan of his life by a child for whose welfare he labored all the days of his manhood. He gave William three days to think the matter over, and in the meantime Dora grew each day lovelier in the old man's eyes, while the dislike for his son grew stronger. Before the month was at a close, "William packed up," and never again entered his father's door, but

"Hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half in spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison."

Dora is the poet's ideal woman; one who loves and bears her pains with meekness. She loved

her cousin, and felt deeper than we imagine perhaps her affections being slighted. She did not rave, nor proclaim her wrongs; she did not show the least sign of displeasure; but her keenest pang was to hear that she was forbidden to speak to him who was the idol of her heart. When trouble came to William and Mary, Dora was their "unseen angel;" she knew that they were part sorry, part happy. Could William now go back and live his life over, he would have taken his father's advice. It was under the stress of one of these outbursts of passion, that seize men when their liberties are encroached upon, that William married Mary. At that time he thought he loved her; but it was the remorse for his hasty action and the envy towards his father and cousin combined which his imagination portrayed to him as love.

William soon died, and Mary was left to care for a little boy. As the lad grew up the mother found it hard to provide for him. Trouble broke down her strength, and in her extreme need Dora came and offered to take the lad to his grandfather

".... that he may see the boy
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

The mother quickly consented, but when Dora came to the harvest field, where the farmer was, her heart failed her, and she dare not present the boy.

".... And the reapers reaped
And the sun fell and all the land was dark."

On the following day she mustered all the strength possible, and placing on the child's head a wreath of wild-flowers, she brought him to her uncle. The old man's heart was softened when he saw the image of his son; but with these thoughts came the command which he had given Dora long ago, and again pride subdued love, for he said to her:

".... Well—for I will take the boy,
But go you hence and never see me more."

It is unnecessary to mention the nobility of character displayed on this occasion. The old affection for her cousin seemed to increase when she sacrificed her rights for his child. As the farmer moved away, the child in his arms struggled to free himself, and in so doing the wreath of flowers fell at Dora's feet. She was not aware that her noble act was already crowned, for

".... She bowed down
And wept in secret, and the reapers reaped.
And the sun fell and all was dark."

When she related to Mary what had happened,

the bewildered mother was all confusion at the wickedness of the old man. Both returned to the home of the farmer; one to regain her child, the other to ask pardon for the fault committed. They found him sitting by the fire with the child in his arms caressing the little lad who laughed, and

"... stretched out for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch and sparkled in the fire."

Mary asked that her child be returned, because she was afraid that he would be brought up to dislike the memory of his father; also that Dora be again taken back to the heart of her uncle. For the little while that the old man held the child in his arms a universal change had taken place in his heart. He remembered long ago when he held another little boy in his arms, who lisped and called him "father;" but now that child sleeps in an untimely grave, and in his arms he now holds his image. When he told his son to leave home, he never for a moment thought that there is in youth an irresistible longing for liberty, and that when this is encroached upon even the respect for paternal commands is forgotten.

The old pride in Allan's heart was broken, and he could no longer resist the longing for happiness; so when he heard that William had forgiven everything

"All his love came back a hundredfold.
So these four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate,
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

While Leaves are Turning.

THE leaves are turning on the trees,
They flutter down with every breeze,
From tiny shrub and poplar tall,
From stately oak and dogwood small.
From his aerie high the squirrel sees
The mellow, mottled showers of these;
And for his sylvan granaries
He gathers up the nuts that fall
While leaves are turning.

And so should we on bended knees,
Ere life is drained to the lees,
Lay up our store and wait the call
Of death, which comes alike to all:
Then shall our later days find ease
While leaves are turning.

J. J. D.

Books and Magazines.

—In the last quarterly number of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, the "History of Commodore John Barry" is brought to a close. Its author, Mr. M. I. J. Griffin, while making no attempt to clothe his compilations in an attractive garb, has yet presented his readers with an acceptable sketch that has the recommendation of being absolutely correct historically. The fourth series of "Papers Relating to the Church in America" is devoted to the hitherto unpublished correspondence of the late Bishop England. His report to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda of his episcopal labors in America is particularly interesting. Father Middleton contributes a third installment of his translations from the registers of the Goshenhoppen Mission. The current number of the *Records* is rich in illustrations. Portraits of the late Cardinal McCloskey and Charles Carroll of Carrollton are worthy of special mention.

—"Our Favorite Novenas" is the name of a book that will find a warm reception among the devout laity; for it is a repertory of the most popular prayers. It is divided into four parts: the first contains novenas that pertain to the feasts of Our Lord, the Holy Infancy, Sacred Heart, etc.; the second, those relating to Our Blessed Lady and the many feasts in her honor; the third part contains special prayers to the saints and angels, while in the fourth are found the daily prayers, devotions for Mass, Confession and Communion. The volume is in convenient form.

—"Benediction Services" for two voices with organ accompaniment contains two "O Salutaris," "O Esca Viatorum," "Panis Angelicus," four "Tantum Ergo," and a "Laudate Dominum," by J. Singingberger; also an "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" by H. Tappert. These pieces are written in the true spirit of Church music, and they must be a welcome aid to procure variety in the services of the October devotions.

—Although Father Finn has had many successes, his latest book should surpass them all. The football game, about which the story is written, is described with a dash and piquancy which is excellent. It is fairly well-written, and the whole story is enjoyable. It is a welcome addition to his other stories of Catholic college life. "That Football Game" should be on the book-shelf of every boy.

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ROY A. MURRAY,

Greeting to Father General!

To the Very Reverend Gilbert Français, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, greeting and a thrice happy welcome to Notre Dame! You are no stranger here, but a friend and a father, well known and well loved. As the mouthpiece of the students, the Faculty and the friends of the University, the SCHOLASTIC salutes and welcomes you.

A Card from Father Corby.

In the report of the memorable ceremonies which took place at Notre Dame, Ind., on the 5th inst., on occasion of the mustering in of the Notre Dame Post, by some unaccountable oversight, mention of the Norman Edy Post was omitted. The N. E. Post had a larger representation of its members present than any other, and was the first on the grounds, ready for the ceremony at the hour fixed. There was absolutely no intention to ignore the Post; it was simply an oversight of the reporter for the SCHOLASTIC. I make this statement in justice to the good will and military promptness of the Norman Edy Post, and I regret the unintentional omission very much indeed.

W. CORBY, C. S. C.,

Com. Notre Dame Post.

Founder's Day.

The Solemn High Mass on last Wednesday was the opening number of an unusually interesting programme. Founder's Day seems to be attracting more attention from year to year, as the exercises of this week proved. When Mass was over the University band made its first appearance for the season, and visited the different halls. Judging from the opinions expressed by those who listened to the bands of former years, we have just reason to feel proud of our present musicians. Many of their pieces had to be repeated, and were highly appreciated by the visitors.

When the serenading was over, Professor Preston gave the signal for the "On the Field" march, and the band, followed by the visitors and students, wended their way to Saint Joseph's Lake, where our oarsmen were impatiently waiting for the regatta. We had heard nothing of the work of the boat crews this season, and they must have secretly planned to give us a surprise, for, contrary to expectations, the races were the best exhibition of rowing ever witnessed on Saint Joseph's Lake. The first contest was between the *Golden Jubilee* and *Silver Jubilee* crews, the former Captained by O. Tong, the latter by Rahe. Both crews started promptly at the shot and pulled bow and bow until long after the turn was made. The spectators were expecting to see a tie finish, when the *Silver Jubilee* men spurted up, and won by about half a length.

The second race between the four-oar crews was nearly as close, Captain Morris' men winning by only a few yards. The last race between the six-oar crews, *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline*, was not so closely contested. The crew captained by John Daly won easily by about four lengths. This closed the exercises for the forenoon, and the band led the procession back to await the spread prepared for the students and their friends in the Brownson Hall dining-room. After dinner the first number on the programme was the field-sports by the Minims. The little fellows regard St. Edward's Day as their special holiday, and thus they had made great preparations for their part in the exercises. Many of them give promise of bringing honor to the Gold and Blue in future athletic meets, if they remain long enough with us. When they had finished, and each victor had received his reward, carriages were rolling up the avenue, bringing spectators for the football game.

A Noble Life and Its Lesson.

When the hand shakes and greetings of the old students were all over, when the thrilling strains of the band had melted away in the corridors, when the last ripples from the oars of the boat crews had rolled across the lake, and the referee had called the last "down" on the gridiron last Wednesday, another Saint Edward's day had passed into the history of Notre Dame. Old graduates met their classmates of long ago, and, together with the present student body, told over the stories that they love to relate of our venerable Founder and his great work.

Fifty-five years ago the red-man paddled his canoe over the waters where our trained oars-

made. Yet all this is but a proof of what energy and will coupled with courage and perseverance can do. There were no endowments to aid in changing the little log-hut in the wood into the University buildings of today. Father Sorin had no other help than that of willing hands and brave hearts to assist him in his undertakings.

This year we are called upon to notice one special trait in the character of our Father Founder—this is his patriotism. The recent mustering of Notre Dame Post 569 G. A. R., cannot fail to remind us of how he sacrificed the welfare of his Institution to that of his country, by sending out men when he could ill-afford to spare them. Yet such was the case; and while serving his country by educating her children, he also aided in saving



FOUNDING OF NOTRE DAME.

men now compete, and a wild forest of underbrush marked the spot of our beautiful college grounds. No men and women gathered here for festivities then, and the only music to be heard was the wild whoops of Indians mingled with the pleading tones of a few noble men, who chanted their vesper hymns in a lonely log-cabin nestled away in the bushes. Great is the change; but greater still was the man who lived and toiled to bring this change about.

We give in this issue a picture of the first building at Notre Dame and its surroundings. Surely, no one, on comparing the Notre Dame of today with that of 1842, could refrain from admiring the wonderful development it has

her from ruin by permitting his men to shed their blood on her battlefields.

Father Sorin is no longer with us, but the spirit which he put into his work still remains. While his bones are peacefully resting on the brow of St. Mary's Lake, we who are enjoying the fruits of his labors, cannot show our gratitude to him in any better way than by availing ourselves of the opportunities which his institution offers. This was his wish,—to send forth educated and Christian men. Let us, then, take his example for ours, and work faithfully and persistently; for by so doing we will help ourselves, and honor him whom we loved so well.

P. J. R.

An Even Struggle.

The Varsity played the first game of the season Thursday, and in forty-five minutes play neither side scored. Rush Medical, our opponents, are heavier than the home team, and, as individual players, are good. But somewhere or other there was a hitch in their team-work. The Varsity took advantage of this defect, and several times Rush's backs were downed behind their line for losses. The game showed our centre to be weak, very weak. If it were not for big John Eggeman, we would certainly have been scored on. He got in front of Wellington's rushes and the mass-plays on centre, and his great weight saved us more than once. Mullen and Farley at the ends cut off runs around those points and broke interference well. Farley has made a reputation for himself that is enviable; his running and tackling were exceptionally good.

The backs, Daly, Powers and Kegler, were slow in starting at times, but their running, line-bucking and tackling made up for that. Daly made several pretty tackles, and Kegler is punting well and hitting the line like a battering-ram. Waters at quarter deserves favorable mention. He blocked and tackled with the daring and skill of a veteran.

The line did not hold its opponents. A tendency to play high and lack of experience are responsible for this fault which will soon be remedied. Schillo, Eggeman and Niezer played well, however, when the inexperience of the last two men is taken into consideration. All the men have the right spirit, and practice is all that is needed to make the Varsity a winning team.

THE GAME.

Rush won the toss and selected the east goal. Daly, for Notre Dame, kicked twice out of bounds and the ball went to the Doctors. Wellington sent the oval thirty yards to Captain Schillo who regained five. Schillo then carried the ball around Gresse's end for thirteen yards. Kegler hit the heavy line for three more, and then the first fumble, which luckily cost nothing, took place. Daly punted twenty yards to Wellington. On Rush's first down, Wellington went through the line for three yards. Libby then raced around the end for twenty-three yards. Eignes took the ball, but was downed for a loss. Wellington went into centre for two, and then Libby was downed for a loss by Kegler. Mullen brought Libby to earth

again for a loss, and the ball went to Schillo's men. Daly gained a yard, and Mullen went around left end for five more. Notre Dame was advanced fifteen for Walsh's holding in the line. Farley made a star run through Rush's entire team for ten yards. Wellington was hurt, and as soon as he re-entered the game, Kegler broke through the line for five yards. Not content with this, he made twelve more through the same hole. The ball then went to the Physicians on a fumble, and Libby gained five. Wellington struck centre for three and then repeated the performance. Eignes started toward Notre Dame's goal, and had gone thirty yards when Daly deposited him on the ground. Eignes gained five more, and the ball was approaching the Varsity's line fast; but the centre held Wellington's attack without flinching, and the joy of the supporters of the Gold and Blue ran high. The ball went over to Notre Dame, Walsh again holding in the line. Schillo then gained three, and a yard was lost on a fumble.

Daly was forced to punt, and the ball went twenty-five yards; Wellington fumbled it, and Waters was on the pig's-skin in a flash. Farley was thrown back without a gain, but Kegler went through Cory. Rush secured the ball, and Schillo stopped Wellington after the tireless full-back had gained two yards. Libby made three and Wellington added three more to the string. The onslaughts on centre were becoming monotonous, and Libby again took the ball for an advance of three yards. Waters downed Eignes for a loss, and on his next attempt Eignes fumbled and lost. Wellington again hit centre, but this time for four yards. Time was called with the ball on the Varsity's thirty-yard line.

In the second half, Wellington kicked off twenty-eight yards to Schillo who regained eighteen. Daly went through the line for a gain of four. Powers then took the ball around left end for four more. Eggeman was called back, and made three yards through centre. Mullen made a beautiful run for eighteen around left end. Daly struck a hole in the line and gained. He went through again for another gain. Kegler punted thirty-five to Wellington who was downed after making five. Libby then gained fourteen yards in three attempts. Wellington hit centre for five additional. Libby had gone twenty yards when Daly tackled him hard. Waters then carried the same man back for a loss.

On Washburn's forward pass the ball went

over to the Varsity, and Eggeman again made three through centre. Kegler followed with two. Farley went around the end for twelve yards, and Schillo helped the good work with five more. Then Kegler, with Eggeman as motive-power, gained six. Kegler followed this with another gain of three yards. Around left end Mullen went for eight yards. Schillo swung into the line for ten and again for three. Then Farley broke from the crowd and ran twenty-five yards, bringing the ball to Rush's fifteen-yard line. The Princeton kick failed, and on the kick-out Waters got the ball. The referee gave the ball to Rush after Kegler had gained ten yards and Wellington fumbled, Waters making another good tackle. Wellington was forced to punt, and Daly received the ball and had made ten yards through a crowded field when Wellington brought him down. Powers went through the line for five and the ball went over on downs. Daly again distinguished himself by bringing Libby down. Libby then gained five. Notre Dame was given the ball, and time was called.

Coach Hering is satisfied with his men, and when the centre is repaired we need have no fear of defeat. The men work well together and the interference is far ahead of the Doctors'

NOTRE DAME, O.

RUSH MEDICAL, O.

THE LINE-UP:

Farley	Left End	Greese (Cap't)
Swonk	Left Tackle	Rassock
Eggeman	Left Guard	Walsh
Lynns	Centre	Cory
Niezer	Right Guard	Foley
Schillo (Cap't.)	Right Tackle	McBride
Mullen	Right End	Tobin
Waters	Quarter-Back	Washburn
M. Daly	Left Half-Back	Libby
Powers	Right Half-Back	Eignes
Kegler	Full Back	Wellington

Time, twenty-five and twenty minute halves; Referee, Hering, Notre Dame; Umpire, Hollenback, Rush Medical; Linesmen, Robinson, Rush Medical; Reed, Commercial Athletics; Time-keepers, Sedgwick, Rush Medical; Green, Notre Dame.

L. T. W.

Exchanges.

A praiseworthy feature of *The Harvard Lampoon* is that the jokes are of a local character, and at the same time amusing to those that have never even seen Cambridge; in other words, they are real jokes. Occasionally one meets some that are a trifle beyond the outside reader, but they are scarce. The *Lampoon* is to be especially congratulated upon the work of its artists, which is far above that seen in the average college paper of its kind.

We have received a number of college newspapers among which are *The Nebraskan*, *The Daily Cardinal*, *Cornell Daily Sun*, *Albion College Pleiad*, *The Alumni Princetonian* and *The Pennsylvanian*. With the exception of *The Nebraskan* and the *Pleiad*, the editors of these college papers do not publish enough short personal notes in their columns. The enlargement of these departments would make the papers much more interesting.

* *

The editors of *The Holy Cross Purple* are shaking hands with themselves because of the new sanctum that has been provided for them. We congratulate you, Mr. Editors.

* *

We extend our heartiest welcome to *The Brunonian*, an exchange that we have missed for a year. "Brown Verse" has been complimented so often that it is hard to say anything new of it here, and the same may be said of every department from "Editorials" to "Under the Elms." The "Brown Verse" in the edition we have before us—October 2—does not quite reach its usual high standard; but it is good, nevertheless. We consider *The Brunonian* one of the best college weeklies among our exchanges.

* *

With the edition of October 8, *The Catholic Universe* celebrates the golden jubilee of the foundation of the Cleveland diocese. The *Universe*, editorially and typographically, is a praiseworthy effort, and is in keeping with the rest of the celebration of the jubilee. The paper contains excellent cuts of the bishops and priests that took part in the jubilee exercises, besides many more pictures, taken in the early days, that are of much historical interest.

* *

We have always been proud of our contemporary from over the way, the *St. Mary's Chimes*, because it is wholly the product of the students of our sister institution, and because it is undoubtedly the best convent paper in the country. We should be much better pleased, however, had the editor of the "Literary Jottings," in her well-deserved praise of Mr. Reilly's article in the *Catholic World*, let the readers of the *Chimes* know that the writer was our Thomas B. Reilly, '97. Miss Agnes Ewing Brown has a well-written article, and the contributions as a whole give promise that the *Chimes* will sustain its past reputation during the coming year.

Local Items.

—J. Gillespie Johnson has at last arrived and is living in Sorin Hall.

—The ex-Minims played an interesting game with the Minims. The score was 0 to 0.

—A number of valuable books was contributed to the Minim's library by a member of the Community.

—It's an ill-wind that blows no good. The other day the wind blew Charlie's hat off, and it landed right over a cigar.

—Frank has organized an all-nationality Rugby team. He has sent challenges to all the big teams in St. Edward's Hall.

—"Say Mike is a cross counter the most effective blow you strike."—"Well not as affective as to strike a lunch counter."

—PROFESSOR—"What do you mean by subsidiary coinage?"

STUDENT—"Small change, Professor."

—"Here is a pretty good story by 'Anonymous,' said a Brownson Hall student: 'I wonder if they have any of his works in the library?'"

—Vic and Tom O'Brien, former students of Notre Dame, have returned to pursue their studies and are residents of Sorin Hall. The band is now complete.

—It is a quiet "rec" day that there are not six or seven football games going on, beginning with the Minims and ranging upward until the big stalwart Varsity team is reached.

—Dukette (passing the graveyard):—"I say, Rowan, do you notice the symmetry in which those trees are laid?" Rowan's obituary will be found on the following page.

—Tom Murray and Will Shea have gone into partnership. Their specialty is dog catching. They are doing well, and wish to announce to their friends that they have a large stock on hand.

—Some of the Carrollites are wondering where the cup which was won by the Carroll Hall basket-ball team is kept. They thought that it was to be displayed in the Carroll Hall reading-room.

—There was much haberdashery exchanged hands on the result of the football game. Charlie Foulks will have fewer shirts than before, and Pete Carney lost a necktie that he bought in the Bazaar at Constantinople.

—There are few students who realize what a star member Moorhead is; he has been cox-wain in many crews, and has never pulled the string for a losing crew; he has more anchors than nine bicycle riders have century bars.

—Miller and Foulks won a set of tennis against Ensign and O'Shoughnessy, Jr., that will stand forever unequalled. Twenty-seven games were played before the set was finished. The

remarkable part of it was that none of the participants fainted from exhaustion.

—There is no shirking in the crew of Captain Franey's; discipline is stricely enforced, and the men are put through a severe ordeal in training. It is rumored that he will enter the Henley Regatta.

—Wi y little sayings culled from Lander's Compendium of Humor:—"Did you know that the fellows in Brownson Hall eat more than those in Sorin Hall?" "Why is that?" "Because there are more of them."

—The Carroll Hall Specials were defeated by a team from Brownson Hall Sunday afternoon. The score was five to ten. John Kuntz made the five points for the Specials by a magnificent drop-kick from the field.

—Frank (to his brother Martin):—"I say, Martin, will you loan me twenty-five cents? I would borrow it from some one else, only I'm afraid that I would have to pay it back." (Frank went without the quarter.)

—For several nights past, some Sorin Hall student has been seen prowling about the halls armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun. Whether the student is looking for burglars or for trouble we do not know; but we do know that Dukette is again wearing a mean-looking red necktie.

—The action of Mr. N. in getting out on the gridiron, and trying for centre on the Varsity, should be heartily commended by every student of Sorin Hall. The long spell of athletic inactivity which has prevailed among Sorinites seems at last to have been broken. Let others follow Mr. N's example.

—We ask forgiveness for springing this old joke, but it will likely bear repetition in this case:

SCHILLO—"Do you think my moustache is becoming?"

PALMER (consolingly)—"well, Fred, it may be coming, but it hasn't put in an appearance yet."

—Three new long oak tables and three extra card tables have been added to Sorin Hall reading-room. Several new pictures have also been added to the splendid collection already in the reading-room, and when Bro. Gregory has put the finishing touches to it, it will indeed be as cosy and comfortable as any room in the University.

—The Director of the Lemonnier Library thanks Mr. B. C. Sanford for copies of "The Ways of Yale," by H. A. Beers; "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Hope; "A Man and his Woman-kind," by Nora Vynné; Mr. M. I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, for a gift of sixty-two volumes including several rare works of interest to the students of the higher English classes.

—Captain Mulcrone brought his athletes out for a little exercise Sunday and found Captain Pulford of Carroll Hall and a band of muscular

young men toying with a football. Challenge was given which met a prompt acceptance; Mulcrone made a phenomenal run of three yards around both ends for a touch-down. This goes on record as the first of the season.

—Guilfoyle lifted the lid of his desk and thoughtlessly left it balancing without putting the prop under it. It remained poised in the air for a second and then began a rapid descent. In the fall it encountered an obstacle, which was a nose that projected from the face of Guilfoyle. There was a blemish when the lid was lifted, but it is concealed by a postage stamp. He had no plaster.

—Charlie Ensign is very much devoted to the classics. He is particularly attached to the beautiful writings of Will, the Swan of Avon, although he does not despise lyrics and ballads. The other evening while in a literary mood he uttered a few classic line as follows:

"There is no joy in Boston.
Mighty Casey has struck out."

Sen Sen Willie heard it, and in a surprised tone exclaimed: "What! Did Casey strike out again today?"

—The "Judge" is kept busy these days adorning his roof garden with potted "Bruckers," trees, flowers, tables, chairs, Japanese lanterns, and, in fact, everything he can lay his hands on. He is now making arrangements with the big specialty managers of the country to have a continuous vaudeville performance. He says that the Great Northern roof-garden won't be in it with his. Things are not yet quite complete, and in the meantime the Judge contents himself with quietly sitting at a table and reading. Of course, just to keep in practice, he occasionally raps on the table, holds up one finger and then continues reading. Willie Fehr furnishes mandolin music from the flat above.

—For weeks the rooters have been sizing up some of the larger men of the University and wondering why they have not appeared on the gridiron. We have many men who would make good players if they would only try. It was pleasant news for the association when Captain Mullen said that he expected Mr. Ney, '97, would be on the field for future practice. Any person who doubts Mr. Ney's strength and ability to play the game had better just "tackle" him once, and their doubts will be set aside. He is not only strong and heavy, but has courage and pluck to back this up, and we are sure that he will tear up the Chicago line on Nov. 6, if he decides to play.

—Dukette thinks his brain is every bit as fertile as Landers', and has decided to publish in book-form the jokes and puns which he thrust upon the unwary student last year. He claims that his work will have an advantage over "Landers' Compendium of Humor," in that every joke will be fully explained in footnotes. His book will be styled, "Dukette's Side Splitters and Coffin-Fillers," and will no

doubt have a great sale, especially in Mendon. The author has kindly consented to allow us to publish a few of the "jokes" in order to stir up an interest among all true lovers of good, wholesome humor. Here they are:

"The fishes in St. Joseph's Lake must be good Geometricians.

Why?—Because they are so fond of angles."

"Why doesn't some student get his girl to make him a crazy-quilt?—He could probably furnish a melon patch."

"Why is the church choir like a woman?—Because it always has the last word."

—Jamie still laughs in a juvenile way,

When he thinks of the fun on that glorious day,
When alone he piked to the "Keounty" Fair,
His little red hat on his tangled hair.

What a smile he wore as he went through town
Swearing, be gosh, that he'd "do'er up brown."

He did'er up, too, from reports we hear,
For he blew in a nickel for cold-root beer.

Of roasted peanuts he had a score
And buttered pop-corn a great deal more.

When he struck the ground he suddenly saw
A spotted Brindle working her jaw

It made him think of his native town

And the big tears came, and he "nigh" broke down;

Then along came a man. In a kindly way

He said: "Don't cry," and then walked away.

Jamie ne'er thought he got a "con,"

Till he suddenly found his watch was gone.

He looked about and his "lamps" soon fell

On a man who was fooling with a shell.

The poor boy swore that he had seen

The shell cover over a little bean;

The man told Jamie to guess again,

But Jamie was sure, so he put up ten;

But the gold-urn shell, when it was raised.

The bean was gone, and Jamie phased!

Then two girls smiled, but Jamie shirked,

Fearing lest he would again be worked.

With one more pop and a rousing "fizz,"

Jamie went home muttering "Gee Whiz."

—St. Edward's Day field-sports Minim Department:—First running race, Jonquet, first; Dougherty, second. Second running race, Fleischer, first, Abercrombie, second. Third running race, C. Bortell, first; McMaster second. Fourth running race, Donahoe, first; C. McFarland second. Fifth running race, St. Clare, first; Seymour, second.

First three-legged race, Weber and Paul, first; T. Butler and F. Van Dyke, second. Second three-legged race, Lawton and Trentman, first. Kelly and Strong, second. Third three-legged race, J. Jackson and M. McMahon, first. L. Hart and Bosworth, second.

First sack race, J. Van Dyke, first; F. Van Dyke, second. Second sack race, G. Strong, first; F. Ebbert, second. Third sack race, Griffith, first; Robbins, second.

First hurdle race, F. Weidmann, first; Williams second. Second hurdle race, J. Ervin, first; Bernero, second. Third hurdle race, L. McBride, first; Shields, second.

First bicycle race, Davis, first; Guilbault, second. Second bicycle race, Wilde, first; A. McFarland, second. Third bicycle race J. McGuire, first; Hinsey, second. Fourth bicycle race, Donahoe, first; E. McGeeney, second. Special running race, O. Kellner, first; G. Dyer, second.

—Last Wednesday there was a hurried conversation between Father Corby and Professor Preston. Nobody else knew what it was about, and they wondered why these two jovial gentlemen could be so serious. At last, the Professor shook his head, looked gravely over his glasses, and murmured in a low voice: "It must be so; it *must* be so." Then he went to his room. The next day he was seen with the same mournful look whispering something to "Willie" Kegler. "Willie" likewise looked serious, and would have cried, but Professor Preston said: "Brace up, 'Willie,' there is no time to be lost. Call Tommy Steiner and the rest of the boys, and when we are through with them there won't be anything left but smoke." By three o'clock there were thirty-two men with clinched teeth marching around back of the main building. Nobody was on to the secret but Wynne. Just as they turned the corner he nudged Tomlinson, and said: "This is all a great big jolly; don't say nothing." However, the rest of the fellows soon found what was the cause of the trouble. When they reached the Carroll refectory they met Father Corby, and he explained matters. There were four tables already spread for the boys and they had to contest with roast chicken and delicacies for an hour and a half. The worried looks soon left their faces, and they went at the banquet in a way that told how much they appreciated it. Father Corby amused them with some of his choicest stories, and when all was over, the Havanas were passed around, and the smoke that Prof. Preston had told Kegler about, began to fill the air. The members of the band all report a good time and are thankful to the Reverend Provincial for his kindness.

Students Registered at the University Founder's Day, 1897.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Carney, Corby, Confer, Cornell, Campbell, Dowd, Duffy, Duane, Daly, Dukette, Delaney, Eggeman, Eyanson, Foulks, Fehr, Fitzpatrick, Fennessey, Falvey, Gibson, Geoghegan, Grady, Haley, Hesse, Hartung, Hering, Kegler, Kearney, Krausc, Landers, Medley, W. Murphy, Magruder, Mott, Miller, E. Murphy, Mullen, J. Meyers, Mingey, J. Murphy, D. Meyers, Monahan, Morris, McConn, McGinnis, McCormack, McKenzie, McDonough, McCarrick, Ney, Niezer, J. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Puskamp, Palmer, Powers, Piquette, Reed, Rowan, Ragan, Rahe, Sheehan, Spaulding, Schillo, Steiner, Wurzer, Welker, Weadock, Wise, Walsh, Johnson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, H. Barry, Bohner, J. Bouza, F. Bouza, Baab, Burg, W. Berry, J. Berry, Bouwens, Burns, Baloun, Burke, Buren, Barry, Bourns, Bommersbach, Blish, Callahan, Corby, Crowley, Cavanaugh, Condon, Crunican, Conway, Cypher, Crawford, Crumley, Collins, Dalton, Dominguez, Donahoe, Drejer, Dooley, Delaney, Donovan, V. Dwyer, Deviné, F. Dillon, Duperier, Darst, Dreher, Dellone, Davies, Daly, J. Dillon, Desmond, T. Dwyer, Doherty, Ensign, Ellison, Fitzwilliam, Fetherston, Faragher, Farley, Foster, Franey, Fleming, Fadeley, Funk, C. Flannigan, Follen, Fischer, Fox, Foley, M. Flannigan,

Furry, Guerra, Glynn, Glasheen, Graham, Guilfoyle, R. Garza, Gainer, C. Garza, Gilbert, Hay, Hoover, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Healy, Heinemann, Hagerty, Hanley, Holahan, S. L. Hunter, S. R. Hunter, C. Hunter, D. Hunter, Hayes, Howell, Hoban, Hermann, Henry, Hesse, Heffelfinger, Jennings, E. Jackson, S. Jackson, Kellner, Kehoe, Klein, Kuppler, Koehler, Kasper, Kangley, Kessler, Lins, Lettig, Lampert, Longan, Leib, Merz, Metcalf, Mulcroh, Moorehead, Murray, Morrison, McKenny, McKenzie, McCallen, McNichols, McDonald, McCollum, Newell, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Reilly, O'Sullivan, O'Connor, O'Brien, Pickett, Posselius, Pendleton, Pim, Powell, J. W. Ryan, J. F. Ryan, Rupel, Reuss, Reed, Reising, Revels, San Roman, Sullivan, Scheubert, Sauer, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Sherman, J. Sanford, St. Louis, Schwartz, Singler, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, Simpson, Spalding, B. Sanford, Swonk, Sossoman, Smogor, Tomlinson, Tong, Thacker, H. Taylor, F. Taylor, Tuohy, J. Taylor, Thams, Vogt, Van Hee, Wynn, Wiczorek, Watterson, Robert Wilson, Woolverton, Waters, F. Ward, Wheeler, Williams, J. Ward, Ralph Wilson, W. Ward, G. Wilson, Wagenman, Wells.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Block, Britt, F. Brown Brann, Barrett, L. Beardslee, G. Beardslee, Bligh, Bellinger, H. Brown, Becker, Berger, Buck, H. J. Brown, Curry, Clyne, Clement, Crowley, Carney, Condon, Curtis, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cowie, Duggan, Davidson, Dinnen, Dousett, Friedman, Fleming, Girsch, Gibbons, L. Garrity, N. Garrity, Hinze, Hickman, Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Henneby, Edgerton, Ellwanger, Elitch, Fink, Furlong, Ferstl, Frank, Hoban, Hubbell, Jurelich, Joyce, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, G. Kasper, Kelly, Luken, Land, Leffingwell, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Moxley, Michels, Morgan, Mooney, A. Mueller, W. Mueller, R. Murray, Maher, Morrissey, Meagher, T. Murray, McFarland, McSorley, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McMahon, McDonnell, McNichols, Nolan, Noonan, Naughton, Ordetx, O'Malley, O'Brien, Petritz, Padden, Phillips, Pulford, Page, Putnam, Potter, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Staples, Sibley, Smith, Stengel, Slevin, E. Sheekey, Schmitt, Shea, Schoonover, J. Sheekey, Spillard, Scheffels, Tong, Weidmann, H. Ward, Wheelock, Werk, Welch, Wellman, Flinn, E. Cuesta, L. Cuesta, J. Carruthers.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abrahams, Arnold, Abercrombie, T. Butler, W. Butler, Bernero, Blanchfield, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, Cressy, Casparis, Clark, Cunnea, Dougherty, Dyer, Downer, Dessauer, Donahoe, Davis, Ervin, F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Frain, Frost, Fleischer, Fleming, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, J. Fogerty, F. Fogerty, Griffith, Guilbault, Huleatt, Houser, Hinsey, L. Hart, J. Hart, Hall, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Jonquet, Kelly, W. Kellner, O. Kellner, Leclerque, Lawton, Lockwood, E. Manion, P. Manion, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, R. McMaster, B. McMaster, McConnell, A. McFarland, C. McFarland, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, McCarthy, McIntyre, Paul, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Robbins, Strong, Sinnott, Schonlau, Shields, Seymour, Shipley, Trentman, Topper, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. VanDyke, F. Van Dyke, H. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Wigg, Wilde, Weidmann, Williams, Weber, F. Carruthers.

HOLY CROSS HALL.

Messrs. Barthel, Buse, Coyne, Crowley, DeLorimier, DeWulf, Darron, Davis, DuGuay, Gallagher, Gorski, Dwan, Hiss, Heiser, J. J. Hennessey, J. Hennessey, Long, Lavin, Murphy, Marr, Moynihan, McKeon, Nieuwland, M. J. Oswald, M. Oswald, O'Brien, O'Connell, Ritter, Rees, Sutton, Sullivan, Sammon, Schumacher, Szalewski, Trahey, Walsh.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Benson, Brogan, Baldwin, Brand, Breslin, Clifford, Carlton, Cullinan, J. Corley, E. Corley, Crepau, Dwyer, Dorian, Donahue, Doran, Fenton, Guiff, Hartzer, V. Jones, R. Jones, Kachur, Kelly, Malone, F. Malloy, B. Malloy, Meighan, McElligott, J. McIntyre, R. McIntyre, McKeever, McDonald, Norris, Neville, Pieper, Power, Rockey, Sullivan, Schwanz, Shields, Sherry, Van der Vennet, Wolf, Lynch.